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Xmas Slippers and Shoes

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E. F. SAUVAN
610 S. Main St.

SNOW EATING MANIA.

A PECULIAR HABIT THAT DEVELOPS
IN THE KLONDIKE.

The Appetite, When Once Acquired, Is Extremely Difficult to Control, and to Indulge It Means a Short Cut to the Grave.

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar mania that threatens to outrun opium eating. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it is said to be incurable. A returned Klondiker tells the strange story.

"There are many strange things in the Klondike," said the narrator, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far, is the disposition caused by eating snow. In the north, when the thermometer reaches 30 to 40 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue and it is impossible to quench the thirst. The first advice an old timer offers a newcomer in the region is 'Don't eat snow.' There are men in that country, once hearty, robust miners, now weak, effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time they began munching snow.

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are rich with mineral deposits which are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor rises, and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposit being of a reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals."

While coming down the Copper river last spring the narrator came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whiskey. His thirst became unendurable and as water was scarce in mid-winter he had taken to eating snow. Soon he claimed it relieved his appetite for the liquor, but his companions noticed that his appetite for the snow increased until he was consuming enormous quantities. Gradually his skin, which was a dark bronze, grew lighter, his rugged features became bent, and even his harsh voice changed to the effeminate squeak of an old woman. His strength gave way, and his companions tried to break him of the habit. He would lie on his pallet and moan piteously for a mouthful of snow and when opportunity offered would steal unobserved to the doorway and gulp down huge hunks of snow. At last, seeing death was inevitable, his companions allowed him the snow, hoping to prolong his life. It proved unavailing, however, and one morning the man was found dead.

There are some spots on the Copper river where the snow, when melted and strained through a cloth, shows perceptible signs of minerals, and often gold is found plentifully intermixed, but of course not in paying quantities. Where this comes from is a mystery, but it may be brought from the far north by the heavy winter gales that sweep over this part of the country. It has been said that if the snow could be melted away it would leave deposits of millions of dollars in gold dust on the ground.

The narrator had a close call himself from falling a victim to the snow habit. "It was in the winter of 1896-7," he said, "and I was new to the country. An old miner near Dawson had warned me against eating snow, but I, with my partner, had come back into the hills on a prospecting tour and had got caught in a blizzard. We were shy of provisions and on our way up lost the package containing our cooking utensils. This we remedied by broiling our cooked foods, but we had nothing in which to melt the snow. It is claimed that melted snow is harmless, as the metallic deposits it contains sink to the bottom of the receptacle.

"We decided to try it raw," and we did. Whether it was the food or the snow I don't know, but during the week we waited for a chance to get out we had an ever increasing thirst, until, when we were finally able to strike the trail, we were consuming snow at a frightful rate. When we reached our companions, we attempted to assuage our thirst with water, but it did no good. We had acquired a taste for the frozen water, and it seemed to have invigorating qualities. At night we could not sleep unless we took our snow.

"We were fast approaching the degenerate stage when I reached a realizing sense of our condition and undertook to break off. I began by degrees and worked down, but up to the very moment I left the country the sight of the snow always raised in me an insatiable craving. It cost me many sleepless nights and weary days to restrain myself. Had I given way to the habit I would, like many another poor fellow, have lost all ambition and filled an unknown grave in that frozen wilderness."

Dynamite.
Dynamite explodes so rapidly that its force is exerted in the direction from which the greatest pressure comes. That is, if the dynamite be placed on the ground the explosive force is down; if it be hung against a wall its force attacks the wall; if it be hung under an object its force is upward.

HOW TO WIN HER LOVE.

The Interesting Discovery of Mr. Cornelius Hennepin.

"Ah!" exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. "There is something that I have long been looking for—How to Make Your Wife Love You!"

That was the headline over the article that he had started to peruse. He pulled his glasses out of the case, fastened them upon his nose and cried: "Virginia! Virginia! Come here. I want to read something to you."

When his wife arrived, he said: "Here is a little article that may interest you. I haven't read it through, but from the way it starts out I judge that the writer knows what he or she is talking about. 'How to Make Your Wife Love You.' That's the headline. Now, let's see what it says: 'Never come home with a sour look and yell. Be a dinner ready' as if you were dressing a slave. I never do that, do I, Virginia? 'Always treat your wife with as much consideration when you are alone as when company is present.' I think I follow that rule, don't I, Virginia? 'Never try to start a cheap laugh by saying that your wife proposed to you or roped you in.' I have never done that, have I, Virginia? Mr. Hennepin asked. 'And yet,' he bitterly continued, 'you do not love me as you ought to. I am only 22 years older than you, and there is no reason why you should not regard me with the utmost affection. These very words ought to convince you that I am an ideal husband. But let me continue: 'Do not chew tobacco all day and expect your wife to meet you at the door with her mouth all made up, for a loving kiss, and above all, do not rumble if she should ask you for the price of one of those lovely hats in Plummer's window.'"

"Confound these advertising dodges!" exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. "If the papers don't stop tending themselves to such schemes, I'm going to stop my subscription!" Late the next afternoon a boy with a cardboard rushed up the Hennepin steps.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trying to Please Employers.
Misses—I am surprised. You say you were married six months ago, divorced three months ago and remarried your husband last night. Domestic—Yes, I see, at the first place he had wanted a married man, so we got married; but the next place they wanted a single man, so we got divorced, and I came here. Now he's found a place where they want a man for gardening and wife to cook, so we got married again, and I'm going there with him.—New York Weekly.

Nuggets From Georgia.
When the dollar rings, there is always a rush to open the door. There is gold in the land, but we enjoy it most when the other fellow digs for it. Take time by the forelock. It is also wise to take the mule there. You can't get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round. Men who live in the stars generally think this is a hard world when they come tumbling down.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Dilemma.
"Your friend didn't go home to Kentucky to vote?"
"No," answered Colonel Stillwell, "and I dunno if I blame him. You see, he's rather nearsighted. If he wore his glasses, his neighbors would think he was putting on style, and if he left 'em off he couldn't see where he was shooting."—Washington Star.

Not to Blame.
The Elderly Lady—They say his wife has money.
"Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time."—Life.

Bred in the Bone.



Gran'pa Macpherson—How many does two and two make, Donald?
Donald—Six.
Gran'pa—What are ye talking about? Two and two make four.
Donald—Yes, I know, but I thought you'd "beat me down" a bit.—Punch.

Library Assistant. (to visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special?
Visitor (absently)—No, thank you. I was only looking for my wife.—Library Journal.

PROUD DOROTHY.

Despite his fine qualities Culbertson was a very modest fellow, and no word of his love for Dorothy had ever passed his lips. He was no coxcomb, and though he was conscious of his ability to hold his own among men he saw in himself no quality to attract women. So when the proud Miss Preston treated him with even less consideration than she bestowed on her other admirers he accepted it all as only what was due him and went his way in silence.

Meanwhile Dorothy Preston chafed and groaned in spirit under the sting of wounded pride. She refused to see what was patently to every one else—that Fred Culbertson loved her—and only knew that she had, after a struggle, given her heart to a man who had never spoken an affectionate word to her.

It was after a ball one night that her position first came so strongly home to her mind. She had long tried to deny to herself this passion of her heart, but now it rose a strong, full blown love and clamored to be heard. She clasped her hands and exclaimed face admitted to herself that she loved Ned Culbertson. "Shame, shame upon me!" she cried. "I love him, and he has never given me a word, they say call me proud!" Her lips curled, and she half laughed.

"Well, I will be proud. I will be too proud to let it be known that I have given my heart unsought to a man who does not love me!"

From that time on if Ned Culbertson had any faint gleams of hope they must have been entirely extinguished, for Dorothy Preston's manners toward him were a revelation of frigid disdain. She touched his hand in the dance, it was shrimping, as if she abhorred the slight contact. Did she speak to him, it was with such distant hauteur that his blood froze and so it continued until he was in despair.

Alone in his office one evening during a busy week he was trying to finish some complicated designs for the interior of a church which was soon to be erected. Could one have peeped at him as he sat with bent head over his work, drawing hard at a cigar, one would have said that he was all absorbed in the labor before him.

But any such thought would have been efficiently routed when he suddenly sprang to his feet and, dashing his pencil into a cask, he exclaimed: "I can't do it, I confound it! I can't! With that girl's face before my eyes constantly I am getting as incapable of thought or performance as an imbecile. And what does it all amount to? She looks at me as if she would like to walk over me, and when she speaks it's like pouring ice water over my head. I can't do anything this way. Rather than endure this torture I would tell her and have her freeze me with a glance of show me the door. Maybe that would put me on my feet anyhow and infuse a little spirit into me, if it were only the spirit of rage."

In his lucid moments Mr. Edward Culbertson was a quick thinking and prompt acting man, and in two minutes he had determined on a plan of action. A note left on the desk of his first assistant told that gentleman that his superior was suddenly called away and might not be back for a month and left the work of the office in his hands.

He would see Miss Preston, tell his story and then go away for a month to forget.

When the plan was once settled upon, it was but a short work to hasten home, pack a satchel and then dress for the proposed call.

When he entered the Preston drawing room, he thought that Dorothy had never looked so lovely to him before in all his life.

He could hardly follow the commonplaces that introduced the conversation for looking at her. And then, more like the rude avian than the polished bird, almost before the greetings were over he had plunged "in medias res."

The girl listened to him, speechless with surprise, as he poured out his story of love. She could not check him, nor did he give her time to say a word.

"Miss Dorothy," he concluded after telling his story, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for listening to me. I was a madman to think that you would, but I felt that I must tell you how I loved you. I do not ask for your answer, for I am too sure what it will be. I suppose I'm a fool, but—and there was a tremor in his voice—"I can't help it, you know. And now goodbye. I—I've got to catch that 10:05 for—ah—I'm going away for a little while for change of scene and forgetfulness, as the novelists put it."

He smiled mirthlessly as mechanically she gave him her hand, and before she had recovered from the shock he was gone. The woman a soft pillow is a very sympathetic article, and a certain flowered silk one in Miss Dorothy Preston's room that night received her tears, laughter and coherent words of joy. Then the same soft pillow was pushed back into its place in a rather unfriendly manner, hardly consistent with the confidence it had just received, as the proud Miss Preston rose to her feet, exclaiming: "He said the 10:05. I have time yet!"

It was just three minutes past 10 when a woman approached Ned Culbertson at the Grand Central station, where he was pacing back and forth impatiently waiting for his train. She touched his shoulder. "Dorothy!" he cried.

"Ned, don't go. I—I want you," and then her voice broke. He led her quickly away for people were beginning to observe them. And once without the station he kissed her and then put off her clinging hands to tear up his ticket—extravagant fellow!

He went home with Dorothy in blissful dreams. Then he sought his office, took the note off the desk of his first assistant and tore that up too.—Exchange.

How to Get Rid of a Crowd.
The late Prince George generally dined on his balcony, during which time his Cossacks played delightful airs from the Russian opera. Crowds of people came to stare most rudely, so one evening there was a very disagreeable smoke which swept over them and drove them away. I had the curiosity to find out the meaning. A stove had been filled with bark and leaves and placed in such a position that the smoke was driven right into the faces of the people, and I could imagine the quiet laugh that went around the imperial dinner table as the people dispersed as sheep having no shepherd.—Review of Reviews.

Somebody remarks that they who sneer at golf know nothing about it. But it may also be said that many who know nothing about the game are most enthusiastic in its praise.—Boston Transcript.

Special
December
Sale.

Friday and Saturday

We place on sale 100 pairs of Ladies' \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes

AT **\$1.00**
A Pair

Beyond a question this is the best shoe bargain offered in this city this year. Special low prices on Trunks and Satchels.

REID BROS.

Up-to-Date
Shoe and Trunk House
122 S. Howard St.

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Our New Regulation

Bowling Alley

Has been completed, and we now claim it is THE BEST IN THE STATE. Total length of alley 86 feet.

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CORDIALLY INVITED
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The Finest Bowling Alley in Akron

"The Brunswick"

BARNEY McDERMOTT, Prop.

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Is the place to buy

Climax Stoves, Ranges
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ing Goods.

SPECIAL PRICES

On Guns, Ammunition and
Hunting Coats. Be sure to
examine the principles of our

Hot Air Furnace

You will say, like others
have said: "it is the BEST
in the market."

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Near Hankey Lumber Co.

Phone 1644.

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Chicago Meat Market

All orders promptly

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TURKEYS

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CHICKENS

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Roast Beef

And all kinds of choice meat.

JOS. BABEL

Phone 139

190 S. Howard st., cor. Mill

All telephone orders

promptly delivered.

St. Louis, Dec. 1.—The M. E. church

congress wired a resolution to Wash-

ington, calling upon every member of con-

gress to oppose the seating of Roberts of

Utah, the polygamist.

The czar, Peter the Great, and others

Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown?

Mr. Eliphaz Brown was a bachelor of 35 or thereabout, one of those men who seem to be born to pass the time of their world alone. It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some 50 miles distant. Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of 5, who ran up to him, exclaiming:

"Father, I want you to buy me some more sugar candy."

"Whom were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.

"I spoke to you, father," said the little one, surprised.

"Really," thought Mr. Brown "this is embarrassing. I am not your father, my dear." "What is your name?"

"What a funny father you are!" she said. "But you are going to buy me some candy."

"Yes, yes; I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Brown nervously.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectioner's and actually bought a pound of sugar candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl. In coming out of the store they encountered the girl's mother.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me!"

"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady. "I'm afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till night."

"Jones—I—madam," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown. "It's all a mistake. I am Eliphaz Brown. It isn't my name."

"Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have resolved to change your name, have you? Perhaps it's your intention to change your wife?"

"I have no doubt you are now defiant, and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment."

"I haven't any wife, madam. I never had any."

"Do you intend to palm this tale off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?"

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture from what you have said that your name is Jones, but mine is Brown, madam, and always was."

"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?"

"Why, that's father!" was the child's immediate reply as she confidently placed her hand in his.

"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unflinching impudence to say that you are my husband!"

The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you! I'd like to know if you are not her father while you are saying such things!"

"I never did, you see. My honor I never did! But I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribed your child not to call you father?" Oh, Mr. Jones, "Silence!" Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"

Mr. Jones was so overcome that without uttering a word he fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to his assistance.

"I don't know her," said Mr. Brown. "She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her!"

"Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?" "Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."

"Silence!" I heard her speak sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."

Brown saw that there was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hack and gave the driver the spot.

Mr. Jones accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

"Why, are you not going yourself?" "No. Why should I?"

"Your wife should not go alone. She has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him and, deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

"Where shall I drive?" "I—don't know," said Brown. "Where would you wish to be carried?"

"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"No, 10 H—street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" said Melinda, who was now in the crowd from the fainting fit into which she cruelly drove me."

"Are you sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Brown, with anxiety.

"Then," said she resignedly, "I suppose I am. But, if you believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell you the truth, I haven't any recollection of this house."

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens! Conceive the astonishment of all when a man was discovered seated in an armchair who was the very facsimile of Mr. Brown in form, feature and every other respect!

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady. "Which is my husband?"

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake.

Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened.—London Evening News.

WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

The Wonderful Artistic Feats Performed by Joanne Koetner.

More than 300 years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland, whose name was Joanne Koetner. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit and making on silk, with colored dyes, exact copies of paintings, which were thought wonderful.

But after she had become very accomplished in music, spinning and embroidery, she abandoned all these for a new and extraordinary art—that of cutting. She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals and portraits of people of such striking resemblance that she was for a time quite the wonder of Europe. She used white paper for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade."

USEFUL
CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS.

Oxford Muffler
Shepard Plaid Muffler
Persian Silk Muffler
Silk Ties
Puffs
Tecks

Four-in-Hands
Imperial
Bow Ties
Initial Handkerchiefs
Silk Suspenders
Silk Socks

Luzerne Underwear
Sweaters
Cardigan Jackets
Silk Shirts
Mikado shirts
Stiff Hats
Stiff Hats
Stiff Hats

Plush Caps
Cloth Caps
Solid Gold Cuff Buttons
New style Ladies' Umbrellas
New style Gents' Umbrellas

Kid Gloves
Mocha Gloves
Fur Gloves
Child's Fur Mitts
Child's Fur Gloves
Night Robes
Collars and Cuffs
Collar and Cuff Boxes
Rubber Coats
Mackintoshes
Corduroy Pants
Suit of Clothes
Overcoats

Everything
High in Quality
and
Low in Price
at the

Globe
One-Price
Clothing House,
191 South Howard Street
Ferbstein's Old Stand.

of high rank paid her honor. One man had in office vainly offered her 1,000 florins for three small cuttings. The empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which princes and princesses wrote their names.

After she died, which was when she had lived 65 years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the portraits of these little visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before or since been equaled.—Lewiston Journal.

THE LADY THE WINNER.

Amusing Occurrence in an Office Building Elevator in Chicago.

People who ride in "lifts" in this city acquire some queer experiences at times. The calling of the floors where passengers desire to debarb or embark not infrequently produces some amusing situations. It all depends upon the style of the person making the announcement.

Of course conductors who must participate in the game are not exempt. Here is one happening of yesterday which is certainly out of the usual run.

Half a dozen passengers entered an elevator in a big downtown office building. Doctors office there almost to the exclusion of other professions. One boy with a package about his neck was deposited at the second floor. A woman stood mute while a medical man thought he would leave at the fifth. The conductor turned an inquiring head and the remaining passengers with one voice chiming in full chorus shouted:

"Tenth."

"Seven up," murmured a gentle

voice as the car reached the indicated floor.

Two men seeking the tenth floor glanced at each other with grins of appreciation as a stenographer, and a pretty one by the way, entered the car. She seemed unconscious of having created more than passing interest, but the conductor was alive to the situation.

"The lady wins," he muttered to himself as he gave the lever a y